And by the grace of God and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A traytor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre;
And formally according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'ſt thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heaven.
Bul. *Harry* of *Hereford*, *Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Am I: who ready here doe ſtand in Armes,
To prove by heavens grace; and my bodies valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heaven.
Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardy as to touch the Liſts,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appoynted to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſty:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonius leaue
And loving farewell of our ſeverall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kiſſe your hand, and take his leave.
Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of *Hereford* as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bul. Oh let no Noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be goar'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a Bird, doe I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſicke, although I have to doe with death,
But luſty, young, and chearely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigor lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Adde proofe unto mine Armour with thy prayers,
And with thy bleſſings ſteele my Lances-poynt,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furbiſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Even in the luſty haviour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous,
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thrive.
Mow. How ever Heaven or fortune caſt my lot,
There lives, or dyes, true to King *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and upright Gentleman:
Never did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battle, with mine adverſary.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as jocond, as to jeſt,